

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

I have just rote a long letter to President Wilson, sed Pa. You have? sed Ma.

Yes, sed Pa, & as soon as I git a answer I may have to make hurried preparations for a long journey. Deefear I go, however, if I do go, sed Pa, I will make arrangements so you & little Bobbie will have nothing to worry about if I shud fall with my face to the treacherous foe.

Deer, sed Ma, & what is all this big splurge about?

I am going to Mexico, I think, as soon as I git a anser from Wilson, sed Pa. I am going down there & have a end to all this revolution that is making so much trouble & tloodshed, & I have thought out a careful plan of ackshun wch I have submitted to Mister Wilson.

Isent that grand, sed Ma. What a comfort you must be to our beloved president. It is too bad that George Washington didn't have a man like you hanging around him in the dark days of the revolution in this country, Ma sed.

I have often felt sorry that I cudent have lived then, sed Pa, but of course if I had lived then you wud never have had the chanst to meet me & have my proteckshun, & little Bobbie wudent have been here to cheer us up, sed pa. But in any event, Pa sed, this Mexican trip is one of the utmost importance not only to the United States but to England as well. These are my plans:

First of all, Pa sed, I am going to destroy the power of this Villa. He is what I call the rock of the revolution, the storm center of the whole trubbel. I am going to git him & I am going to sit him good, sed Pa. After I have put him out of the way I am going to talk his men & go after Zapata & destroy him. Then I will make a sistematick war asenst every brigand in the whole country, & as soon as L have them cleden out I will go to the proper government of Mexico & turn over all my troops to them & be back hoam as soon as possible. It may not be befoar sun time in the early fall, sed Pa, but as I sed befoar I will leave everything here properly fixed so you & Bobbie will git along fine.

Well, dearest, sed Ma, if I thought you was ever really going to get a reply from Wilson telling you to go down there I wud flare up now & tell you that you haven't got a chanst in the world to make the trip & leave us here, but as things are I am not going to bother my hed about it.

You are going to be surprised, sed Pa. I guess not, Ma said. If you want to know what I think, I think that cokane the dentist put in your tooth & gum is doing a little planning & talking for you, dearest. That is my opinyun, Ma sed. They say such drugs give men & wimmen very exalted ideas of these grate-nesses.

I wonder if that is why I have been feeling so bravy & strong all the afternoon, sed Pa. Why, I feel as if I cud clean up that Mexican outfit singel handed, without even a gun or a Jack.

That is just what I think the reason for yure bravery is, sed Ma, & I wish while you are still feeling bravy that you wud look over these bills with me. If you wait till the drug dies out I am afraid you will faint wen you see the butcher bill, sed Ma. Cum on, nobel hero, & cast yure eye over these sllpa.

Wen Pa had looked at all the bills he didnt look bravy at all, he looked like a man wch is driving a hearse.

A Case of Necessity. A man called on an acquaintance and found the little daughter of the house playing with a gingerbread cat.

"That is a very nice cat you have there," smiled the caller. "Are you going to eat it?"

"No," answered the youngster, affectionately stroking the cat with her little hand. "It is too pretty to eat."

"Three or four days later the man happened to call at the house again.

"I don't see your cat, Gladys," remarked the visitor, as the child came into the room empty-handed. "What has become of it?"

"It's gone," announced Gladys, with a regretful sigh. "It got so dirty that I just had to eat it."

"The Masqueraders!"

How You Can Walk Around the Truth and Kill a Romance

By Nell Brinkley

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Love hates masquerade! Unless it's all in play. The black-mask, when it means not telling the truth, is as a red flag to a stampeding beast, to the glowing eye of Love. So don't tell Summer-fibs. For your meddling with your fate may bring you the long-way 'round on Dan's road and the mate you might have had you'll never meet again.

He thought she was the country-grown little farmer girl that she looked—gingham-bonnet—rusty shoes—and pink print gown—and drowsing mind. That she belonged in the mossy brown little house on the farm next door and never had her little flat sole on any but a dusty country road since she had "been born!"

And she thought he belonged in the potato-patch just over the stake-and-rider fence where he worked most every day—just over the fence where she scattered corn and apple-peels to the chickens and called them very loud and sweet so he might hear. "Perhaps he's the hired man or the son of the bent old man who is called Joe Logsdon No. 3."

"She is the daughter of the worn, but happy-eyed old person who sometimes feeds the chickens in her place!" And then he leaned on his hoe and reflected that if "she's by chance the 'hired girl,' she's a mighty pretty one, and it's a pity!" And so they masqueraded—through two weeks or so of golden Summer days with the quail calling to their city-ears "sit-right-down!"—sit-right-down!" with the

white cotton clouds drifting over their silly heads—and the butterflies zig-zagging like flakes of gold and blue and white across the fence that lay between 'em.

How could the neighboring old folks with whom each of these city children were spending a vacation know that they saw one another at the bottom-filled fence a mile away from the farm-yard, and put them right? And Love would not help, for he was furious.

And so they fibbed—he a New Yorker and she one, too—and parted with misty eyes over the gray rail fence.

One day—weeks later—as he waited on the platform of the subway at the Forty-second Street Station—through the blurring window of a halted local he saw her face in the yellow light inside—under a smart little bonnet with a white glove to her cheek! Their eyes clung—he felt a cold thrill down his back with delight and amazement—hers widened and lightened as she knew him for what he was—trim and rigged out in his regulation uniform, that of a successful city-son.

And then he came to and dashed like a madman for the door of the local. But it clashed shut in his face in the fateful way subway doors have—and the train sailed into the black mouth of the way-to-the-next-station. And he never saw her again! So that's the end of the story—but it wouldn't have been if they had both told the truth.—NELL BRINKLEY.

America's Opportunity in Science

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

The science as well as the commerce and industry of America can hardly fail to benefit enormously through the mantle of self-destruction that has settled upon the civilization of Europe.

For many years the work of the German laboratories has been the envy of American and other chemists. The German investigators have hitherto—in the years 1815-1860—led the world in industrial and biological chemistry they obtained an apparently hopeless lead in their studies of medical specifics and inoculants they took first place. Their chemical products went everywhere, and everywhere they were regarded as almost unrivaled in quality and reliability. The consequence of the shutting off of the German supply is already seen in the increased cost of dyes.

A vivid idea of the position of advantage which the German chemists have maintained is given by a glance at any up-to-date statistical books. I turn to an English year book of that kind and find that during the years 1815-1860 German inventors in chemistry and chemical physics carried a mention of their names while the English inventors, including Americans, numbered thirty-three, the French fifteen and the Russian two.

No doubt the character of the Teutonic mind has something to do with the lead which Germany has had in chemical industry, but there is no good reason why American chemists should not, now that an extraordinary opportunity is offered them, assume the lead and keep it for an indefinite period in the future. We have the knowledge, the skill and the raw materials to work with. Hitherto we have lacked incentive to do our best, and, bowing to European prestige, have concentrated our attention upon other things.

Now, necessity and opportunity together call upon us.

Consider for a moment the subject of radium. The greatest deposits of radioactive minerals known in the world exist in our country, and yet we have been sending this precious material to Europe, and mainly to Germany, to have its virtue extracted and made available for medical use. Hereafter, it is probable the United States will be the great center of the radium industry.

A hundred other industries in which chemistry plays the chief part, and which have hitherto had their principal seat in Germany, will now be developed here, if only the will to do is matched to the opportunity. There is, for instance, an industry of continually growing importance that has hardly found a foothold in this country, although its products are very widely used here—the manufacture of optical glass and of glass for laboratory use.

Whenever our American astronomers, who as observers lead the world, wanted a new and greater telescope they have heretofore sent to Germany or to France for the material of which to make the lenses and the mirrors. The optical glass of Jena, in Germany, is world-famous, and that of St. Gobain, in France, is equally renowned.

We have the greatest telescopes in existence and the best telescope makers, but up to the present time we have never learned to manufacture the glass, without which no telescope could exist.

All our college laboratories are crowded with apparatus made in Germany; all our drug stores have their shelves loaded with drugs prepared in Germany; all our technical libraries abound with books printed in Germany and describing the results of German scientific investigation.

But since Germany now has her attention absorbed by other things than the advance of knowledge and industry, and since the other European nations that have hitherto held the lead over us in these matters are straining their energies also on the fields of bloodshed, it becomes a duty for American men of science to prevent the halt and the recession which science would surely experience if her torch were not kept alight and her march accelerated on this side of the ocean.

Joyful Anticipation of Motherhood



There is apt to be a latent apprehension of distress to man the complete joy of expectation. But this is quite overcome by the advice of so many women to use "Mother's Friend." This is an external application designed to soothe the nervous system and to thus so relieve the pressure reacting on the nerves, that the natural strain upon the cords and ligaments is not accompanied by those general pains said to cause nausea, morning sickness and many local distresses. This splendid embrocation is known to a multitude of mothers.

Many people believe that those remedies which have stood the test of time, that have been put to every trial under the varying conditions of age, weight, general health, etc., may be safely relied upon. And judging by the fact that "Mother's Friend" has been in continual use since our grandmothers' earlier years and is known throughout the United States it may be easily inferred that it is something that women talk about and gladly recommend to prospective mothers.

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Making of a Husband

By DOROTHY DIX.

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I am not one of those who believe greatly in woman's influence. To my mind the most overworked fiction on earth is the fairy story about man being guided and ruled in every act in life by the power of some woman, in whose hands he is as clay in the hands of the potter.



It is a lovely theory that pleases the vanity of women, and therefore they have accepted it with enthusiasm. Millions of credulous girls who believed it have married drunkards and rakes and gamblers in the fond expectation that if they would be able to work miracles and turn their husbands into models of all the virtues, but only too late they found out they had put their faith in a fake cure, and that as a reformatory agent a wife's influence wasn't worth a bill of beans.

In reality the most that a woman can do for a man is to be a kind of an accelerator. She can either hustle him down the wrong road, if he is on the down grade, or else she can boost him up the ladder if he is already climbing it, but she cannot scotch him, either way.

She cannot supply the industry and grit and backbone that he lacks if he is a loafer, and she wastes herself in trying to make good for his deficiencies. By the same token, if a man has in him the qualities that make for success, he will go on to success in spite of his wife.

The woman, however, who is married to a man of even ordinary ability can raise that ability to its highest power. She can be an inspiration to success and help her husband on to it if she wishes to.

She can help him to do big things by keeping alive his faith in himself. There are women who are always like a fluttering flag of glory, before a man, thrilling him with ambition and with that belief in his power to achieve that is the very foundation of effort. There comes a time to every man when the battle seems going against him and when further effort appears useless and hopeless and he is tempted to give up.

At that moment his fate rests in his wife's hands. If she tells him that luck is against him and that he lacks the ability that other men have to get along, his doom is sealed. But if her faith in him never falters, if she makes him feel that he will triumph over every obstacle, she breathes into him the hope and courage that move mountains.

A wife can help a man by taking an interest in his business. Women's foolish jealousy of their husbands' occupations is at the bottom of nine-tenths of the bankruptcies. A wife who affects to despise the business that supports her, who looks bored when her husband talks shop, is a millstone about a man's neck.

It is the man who takes his business home with him, and whose wife enthusiastically thrashes out every detail of it with him who succeeds.

For, no matter how little a woman knows practically about a business, she has flashes of intuition that are genius. Also, in discussing any subject with a sympathetic listener, it clarifies the matter in your own mind and opens up vistas that you had never thought of before.

A wife can help a husband by making friends for him, or she can hinder him by making enemies. She can keep him selfishly tied to her apron string, or she can send him out among the men who can help him along. Too much domesticity is just as bad for a man as too little.

Above all, a woman can help her husband by keeping him physically fit. The woman who does not keep her home comfortable and a haven of peace, in which jaded nerves can be soothed and

rested and repaired, is putting a spoke in her own wheel of fortune. It is strange how little women realize that home is the power-house in which the dynamic energy of a man must be manufactured.

A man's physical well-being lies in his wife's hands. She can build him up with proper food or she can slay him with bad cooking. She can exhaust his strength on foolish household tasks, or she can save his strength for his business.

Many a man who might have been a merchant prince has had his nerves wrecked and his brain paralyzed by a bad breakfast. Many a poem and novel that would have made a man famous have been withered, root and branch, in the brain of a genius by the harassment of a shrewd wife.

It is an interesting game and a profitable one, this helping to make a man. I recommend it as a pastime to the discontented married ladies who are wishing that they had something worth while to do.

Do You Know That

Every German regiment has a chiropractor in its ranks.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro has fifty miles of anchorage and is said to be the finest in the world.

An express train was beaten by twelve minutes by an eagle which raced it over a distance of eighteen miles.

With most of the leading wrestlers of Japan wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations.

The amount of material carried from the land into the ocean, in suspension and in solution, has been estimated at 27 cubic miles a year.

Sir William Johnson

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By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

Among "The Men Who Made America" we must not forget to reckon Sir William Johnson, the stick-tongued, strong-willed Irishman who tamed the dreaded Iroquois, wheedled them into friendship with the English colonists, and so saved this great continent to the rule of the race whose descendants were to become the people of the United States.



William Johnson was born in the county of Meath, Ireland, in the year 1715.

As a young man he had been doing ever since young men have existed, Johnson fell in love, and it happened to him as it has happened to many another wooer, that the "course of true love" did not run smooth.

The black-haired, blue-eyed beauty whose charms had smothered him did not return his affection—in fact, rejected him in the roughest sort of a way, and Johnson found himself at the very bottom of the pit of despondency.

Like Jonah of old, he declared, "It is better for me to die than to live," and he actually made all the arrangements for lifting against himself the hand of self-slaughter.

But the disconsolate young man was intended for a nobler end than that of filling a suicide's grave. His uncle, Sir Peter Warren, owned large tracts of land in the Mohawk valley, New York state, and thinking to cure his nephew of his love-sickness, and at the same time to make him of some use in the world, he sent him to look after his estates in the new world.

The vessel bearing Johnson and his fortunes entered New York harbor on the twenty-first day of February, 1728, and at the age of 13 years the young man who was later on to become the king of diplomats, suttelst of statesmen, and one

of the greatest of the masters of men, landed at the Battery, looked about himself for a brief spell, and headed himself for the land of the Iroquois.

The cold-blooded realism of the American wilderness knocked a good share of the sentiment out of Johnson's soul, and if he ever lost any more sleep over the "girl he left behind him," there is no record of it.

Johnson had other and sterner things to think of, and cutting himself loose from the visions of "love's young dream" he applied himself vigorously to the matter-of-fact tasks that confronted him there in the forest.

He had scarcely planted himself in the Mohawk region when it became clear to all that his influence was going to be tremendous, and that it was going to be in the right direction.

Among the red men he became at once a king. By the magical power of his personality he made them both love and fear him. Their trust in him was perfect. His great common sense, iron will and unflinching justice made him the "Great Father" to thousands of savages over whom, up to that time, no other man, white or red, had been able to exert the least control.

The strategic importance of the state of New York in the great war game was immense, and it was Johnson's diplomacy in preserving that importance for the English that finally turned the scale.

The greatest of our American historians have accepted the conclusion that, had the terrible Iroquois confederacy been against the English it would have probably meant French victory.

And right here comes in the significance of Johnson's work, for if the French had succeeded in the mighty duel there would have been no English rule, and, therefore, no United States of America as we know it today.

Johnson died in 1774, in his fifty-ninth year, rich and full of honor, having done his full share toward the making of our nation. Our debt to him is simply incalculable, and we can never be grateful enough to the lassie who gave him the mitten and thus opened the way for his coming to America.